



EVERY TUESDAY

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

August 3,
1946
No 1428

PRICE THREEPENCE

BELOW THE ICE OF THE GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Salvage in the Frozen North

A THRILLING story of a wartime salvage adventure in the Frozen North has been revealed by the Canadian Government. It is a story of the perseverance of intrepid men, working under conditions of great hardship and in the face of constant disappointment, and it is a story still unfinished.

At the height of the Japanese war a huge oil-producing plant was established at Norman Wells in the North West of Canada, in the region of the Great Slave Lake—noted for its storms and quick-freezing waters. In July 1942 a barge train of equipment for the project was being towed across the wide reaches of the treacherous lake by a small tug, and the barges were twenty miles out when a sudden storm enveloped the convoy in disaster. The captain was compelled to cut the tow-rope, and in the darkness the barges drifted away before the gale. During the night seven twenty-ton tractors, two bulldozers, great quantities of oil and other materials worth £70,000 went to the bottom of the Great Slave Lake.

The call went out to Canadian scientists and salvage experts to mobilise their brains and equip-

ment to find the machinery and to raise it. By September 1942 one young scientist, C. K. Jones, was at work on the lake. He had with him a piece of apparatus which looked like an ice-cream container. It was really a double magnetic coil bound round a piece of non-magnetic metal. He guaranteed that this instrument, ferried over the lake, would locate exactly where the sunken machinery was.

Winter Approaches

A lake storm which drove the salvage barges on to the beach was the first enemy of the salvage undertaking. Then a thin film of ice forming one October morning on the surface of the water warned the party that winter was near. Meanwhile, the oil-producing plant was badly needing its tractors and bulldozers. Beaten in 1942, the salvage party set out again in March 1943, this time to search through the ice.

Over the lake, through an area four miles wide and eight miles long, C. K. Jones led his crew of six men, housed in specially built cabooses on the trucks, and with eyes glued to the fine needles of the detection instrument. Over the rough ice surface the tractors could move only at two miles an hour and were frequently faced with solid ridges of ice walls sometimes reaching twenty-five feet in height and running for miles across the lake.

After a week of these conditions the salvage crew doubted the efficiency of C. K. Jones' instrument. Could it really work through such ice? No flicker of the needle had been noticed. Then, as an experiment to prove its powers of location, an axe was dropped through the ice to the bottom of the lake, and the instrument was driven near the spot. The needle flickered, and the men shouted in triumph!

A Promise of Success

For another month the crew persevered until at last the first caterpillar tractor was found, hauled up through the ice, and it soon moved away under its own power. The salvaging of that tractor, worth £3000, paid the whole expenses of the salvage contract.

Thinning ice and the coming of summer compelled the expedition to switch over to open water equipment which could not be provided in time. So £60,000 worth of valuable transport material still lies at the bottom of the Great Slave Lake awaiting a further attack by hardy men who can work in thirty degrees below zero and in the summer storms of Canada's great North West.

Eskimos in Glasses

WHEN the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship Nascopie made the annual journey into the Arctic regions last summer opticians sent out by the Canadian Government, in association with the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, tested the eyesight of Eskimos. Of 206 examined 80 needed glasses, the trouble being considered due to wind, snow, and dust.

But none of the normal types of spectacles would fit the flat nose and wide-spaced eyes of the Eskimo. Special arrangements had to be made, and after the bridge of every pair of spectacles had been almost straightened it was found possible to satisfy the need of those with defective eyesight.

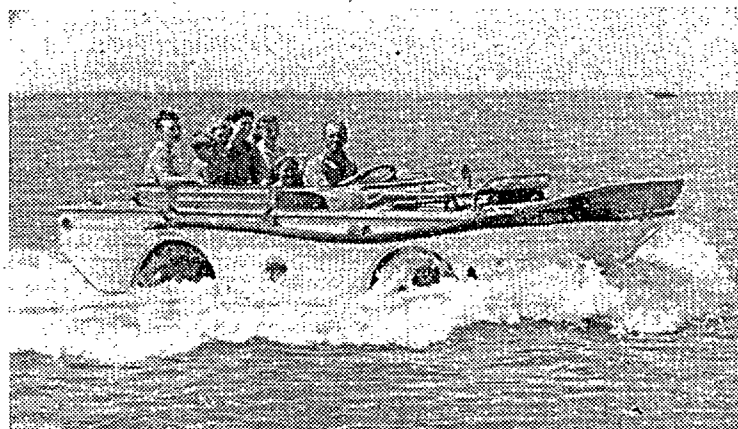
JACKDAW v GULL

THIS bird story from Cornwall suggests that men and women are not alone in their housing difficulties.

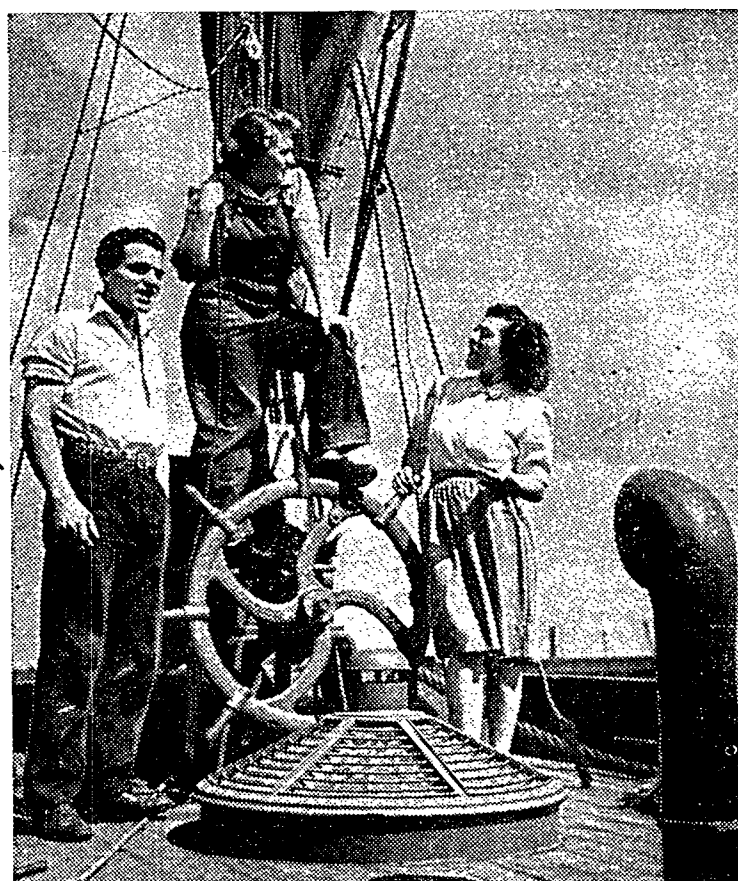
Two jackdaws were driven to building their nest in the chimney of a building in Bodmin's main street. There they remained, undisturbed and undiscovered, until a hungry herring gull attacked father jackdaw as he was bringing food home for his family. Attracted by the screech of the gull, Mrs Jackdaw and some more gulls joined in the fray, while surprised on-lookers held their breath hoping that the jackdaws would not be overcome.

At last, however, the gulls were finally driven away, and Mr and Mrs Jackdaw went off together for more food for their youngsters, now happily able to fend for themselves.

THE SEA ADVENTURERS



Cruising by land and water at Hunstanton in a former US Army sea-jeep, which can travel at 60 m p h ashore or at five knots afloat.



These adventurous people plan, with three others, to sail round the world in this 85-ton barge, seen here on the Thames at Chelsea.



This, too, is an adventure for young people. Their first voyage from London to Margate in the pleasure steamer Royal Eagle.

Modern Medicine Man AFRICAN SURGEON

It is not only children who on occasion dislike the idea of going to school.

The Chiefs of the Masai did not particularly want European education, and their attendance at the African school was small. The traditions of the Masai are precious to them; they had their folklore and they trusted the wisdom of their medicine man.

So, when the District Commissioner of Narok had to have a word with them on the subject of instruction, glances were exchanged and lips were pursed in doubt. Nevertheless, although still in a great measure unconvinced, they thought it right to give the school idea a fair trial. The vital point was: whose sons were to be told to attend? The lot was cast eventually, and the sons of widows were chosen to attend.

One son of a widow found the three Rs of the little school quite easy and went on, in class and school, until he reached the medical side of the Uganda University. From there he went in due course to the Nairobi native hospital. Here he might have remained unknown except to his immediate associates, except that the war brought several noted surgeons to Nairobi.

One of these surgeons saw the widow's son at work and discovered that his skill as a surgeon was exceptional, and that he could therefore be of great service to other Africans.

He is perhaps the first Masai to achieve such proficiency in a Western science; but he is unlikely to be the last.

SNAPSHOTS IN COLOUR

Now that there is real prospect for the entry into this country of photographic materials from America, amateur photographers may hope for the speedy arrival of both roll-films and printing papers with which they can make snapshots in natural colours.

The roll-films are being made by the Ansco Company of Burghamton, USA, and the paper on which the negatives are printed, known as Ansco Printon, is supplied in sheets. Both films and paper prints can be developed at home, and although the process is somewhat lengthy, it is simple and straightforward.

The negative comes out in "complementary" colours, blue skies appearing yellow, pink faces green, and green foliage as magenta or purple. These "negative" colours, of course, right themselves when the print is made, just as blacks in the negatives become whites in the print, and vice-versa.

The real joy of the new process lies in the fact that the amateur photographer will be able to do the developing, printing, and enlarging in his own darkroom at home.

DRAKE OF DEVON

Plymouth Honours Her Famous Son

IN these days of high summer the men, women, and children of Devon are celebrating at Plymouth the fourth centenary of the birth of their immortal hero Sir Francis Drake.

The Nazis made terrible havoc of the buildings of Devon's magnificent seaport, but their evil deeds only intensified the eager spirit of its people. Led by their Lord Mayor, the Rt Hon Isaac Foot, they have staged a festival that has only previously been rivalled by the Armada tercentenary of 1888. The festival is in the main for the citizens of the future. Indeed, the souvenir programme opens with this inspiring letter of the Lord Mayor to the Boys and Girls of Plymouth:

ABOUT this time four hundred years ago Sir Francis Drake was born near Tavistock. The exact date of his birth we do not know. Early in life he became a Plymouth man, and the names of Drake and Plymouth will be associated as long as there is a history of England. There is an old record that, when he was a small child, the young Francis was brought by his parents in a time of civil tumult into Plymouth for protection, actually finding shelter, it is said, on St Nicholas Island, which afterwards in his honour became known as Drake's Island.

It was from Plymouth Harbour that Drake sailed on all his famous voyages. He was the first Englishman to plough his furrow right round the world.



Drake looks out from Plymouth Hoe

That famous furrow began and ended with Plymouth Sound. It was from Plymouth waters that, on July 19 and 20, 1588, he led out his ships, headed by his Admiral's flagship, *The Revenge*. Those were the ships which played so great a part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada during the long battle which ended about ten days later. It was again from Plymouth waters that he sailed on his last voyage in August 1595, the voyage from which there was no return.

During one year (1581-1582) Drake was the Mayor of Plymouth. Later he became the town's Member of Parliament. It

was by his skill and enterprise that the thirsty town was supplied with water gathered from the hillsides and valleys of his beloved Devon.

I ask you to learn all you can about this brave and good man who served his Town and loved his Country. Once, when he was on a famous expedition, he wrote: "There must be a beginning in any great matter, but the continuing until the end until it be thoroughly finished yields the true glory."

We print this message because we are confident that it also will hearten every boy and girl in the British Commonwealth.

To Arthur Mee, the founder of the C.N., Francis Drake stood for the highest qualities in our island race. In the following words he revealed what that great Elizabethan, Devon's foremost son, meant for him, and, indeed, for our nation:

HE had opened the sea gates for his great sea race; he had introduced astronomy into navigation; he had brought about a naval discipline hitherto unknown; he had infused into the lives of thousands of his countrymen a love of the sea and the spirit of adventure that has never passed out of these islands. He earned that tribute of old Thomas Fuller who lived soon after him, that "this our captain was a religious man toward God and His houses, generally sparing churches, where he came; chaste in his life; just in his dealings; true to his word; and merciful to those who were under him; hating nothing so much as idleness."

While England lives he will remain, for never were lines more true than those Ben Jonson wrote in his remembrance:

The stars above would make thee known,
If man here silent were:
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

OUR GREAT THREE-MILER

AT the age of 31, Sydney Wooderson, once the world's greatest miler, has set up a new British record for the three-mile race.

In the AAA championships at the White City, London, this slim, bespectacled marvel of the running track won his race in 13 minutes 53.2 seconds, which is more than six seconds inside the British record for that event. Sydney was hard pressed by the Dutch runner Slykhuis.

The secret of Sydney's success was the speed at which he completed the last mile, and especially the last exciting lap. It was a wonderful achievement.

Teachers' Entente

Fifty teachers of English in French schools are attending a Course at Oxford from July 29 to August 10. They are staying as guests of this country—a return of the compliment paid to 50 British teachers of French when they visited France at Easter.

To Help the Helpers

DURING the war countless French civilians, frequently at great risk to themselves, gave shelter to men and women of the British Services.

Now an appeal has been made by the Emergency Council for £25,000 to buy and equip a villa at Antibes, on the French Riviera, for use as a convalescent home. Here the sick children of those brave French men and women will be treated and restored to robust health.

Many families in Britain will be glad of the opportunity to show in a practical way their gratitude to our French friends.

It is proposed to record the names of all who contribute to this worthy cause in a book which will become a permanent token of the bonds uniting the two nations.

Donations may be sent to Mrs Attlee, 10 Downing Street, Whitehall, SW1, or to Miss Weinberg, Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Envelopes should be marked "British Forces' Tribute to French Families."

TURKEY BECOMES A DEMOCRACY

TURKISH citizens recently celebrated as a great national occasion the first free general election in the history of their country, which has been a republic since 1923.

At the last election, in 1943, all the candidates returned as members of the Grand National Assembly belonged to the same party. In the recent election there were seven different political parties and the secrecy of the ballot was everywhere strictly observed. Many women of all classes went to the polling booth, for all citizens have the vote.

So modern Turkey, descendant of the old autocratic Ottoman Empire, becomes a complete democracy.

Studying British Post-War Progress

UNDER the leadership of Dr Goodwin Watson, their Professor of Social Psychology, 25 graduates of Columbia University, New York, are visiting our great cities. Their purpose is to see how the British people have met conditions in these months of hard necessity so that on their return home they "may be better equipped for dealing with similar problems" when they meet them. They are especially interested in our Social Insurance and Town Planning.

From Britain these Americans with inquiring minds are going to France, Sweden, and Poland.

BRAZIL SHELTERS THE HOMELESS

THE Brazilian Government has made plans to provide homes in Brazil for 100,000 immigrants from Central Europe, most of whom will be people from the displaced persons' camps in Germany and Austria—those tragic folk whose lives have been shattered by the war.

The cost of settling the immigrants in their new homes will be borne by Brazil, but the United Nations will pay for their journey.

WORLD NEWS REEL

LOOT. Sweden is returning to the Allies over six tons of gold looted by the Nazis and sent to Sweden.

In France it has been decided that the proposed Second Chamber shall be called The Republican Council.

Authorities in Canada and the U.S. forecast excellent wheat and maize harvests this summer.

WHALE OF A WHALE. It is reported from Russia that whalers have caught a whale weighing 109 tons, the heaviest for 25 years.

In an attempt to establish a new Polar flight record, a U.S. Army Air Force B29 Super-Fortress bomber is to make a 10,055-mile flight from Honolulu to Cairo via the North Pole.

M. Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations, has paid a visit to Moscow.

ATOM-BREAKER. At Amsterdam the machine for bombarding the atom, called a cyclotron, is to be erected for research work.

The famous Salzburg Musical Festival begins once more on August 1.

The very first showing of the film *Men of Two Worlds* was held in Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika. Much of the film was made at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, with local tribes taking part.

UNKNOWN FORESTS. Extensive forests in unmapped country have been discovered by air observation in North Ontario.

When a 120 m.p.h. typhoon swept over Hong Kong recently waves broke over the roofs of buildings on the waterside and flooded streets in the centre of the town. Indian guards using breeches buoy apparatus rescued the crew of 50 of a wrecked ship.

This month at Dortmund thousands of Germans will see a British Military Tattoo for the first time.

The construction of wartime defence bases in Newfoundland has restored the Island's prosperity. The fishing industry there is also busy as a result of the world food shortage.

Hordes of locusts ravaging North China have been attacked with flame-throwers.

HOME NEWS REEL

LIGHTNING BOWLER. At a recent Northamptonshire cricket match a ball from the bowler struck the wicket-keeper and set alight a box of matches in his pocket.

Between now and the end of this year Britain's motor-car industry aims to produce 370,000 private cars and 150,000 commercial vehicles.

The death at 61 of Mr James Maxton, M.P., has been widely mourned. A man of unswerving principles, he was a beloved and respected figure, as popular in the House of Commons as in his native Scotland.

BULL IN A CASTLE. Watched by a whole village, Mr E. Boy and Mr J. Hunt recently led a bull down the 100 steps it had climbed at South Kyme Castle, Lincolnshire.

There is a shortage of scissors in Bristol shops. Reason: the bakers' roundmen need scissors to cut out bread units.

Next term Dulwich College is to begin taking every year 125 scholarship boys from LCC and Kent County Council schools without fees, leaving only 40 vacancies a year for fee-paying boys.

PLUMBERS WANTED. In Croydon 1,450,000 gallons of water a day are wasted through leaky taps.

Miss Eva Frenchard, an Englishwoman who owns a tearoom in Monte Carlo, and during the war helped 50 British prisoners-of-war to escape, has come to England to receive the King's Commendation.

At Teignmouth, Devon, where there was a poll in favour of Sunday films, the magistrates have approved applications from two cinemas provided that children under 16 are barred.

BARN BATHS. At Great Brington, Northants, Earl Spencer has installed the first village communal baths in England. They have been established in a barn.

It has been recommended that pupils of London art and technical schools up to 18 years of age should have free travel.

Three baby elephants, two mongooses, six leopards, five tortoises, 30 parrots, and a snow leopard, are among a big consignment landed recently for the London Zoo.

DOUBLE HAT-TRICK. In a recent cricket match between Downsland Preparatory School, Leatherhead, and Kingswood School, Epsom, John Rimmer, aged 13, took six wickets with six consecutive balls.

Kenneth Kennedy, aged 17, of Inverloch, who has only one leg, recently climbed to the summit of Ben Nevis, 4406 feet.

YOUTH NEWS REEL

SHIPS FOR SEA SCOUTS. Motor torpedo boats of the Royal Navy are now being delivered on loan to Sea Scout Troops. The ships are 115 feet long and will be moored on waterways and other large stretches of water, and will be used as guardships.

Although unable to swim, 11-year-old Patrol Leader Allan Watson, of the 1st Patterdale (Cumberland) Scout Troop, promptly went to the rescue of a small girl struggling in water out of her depth. He has been awarded the Gilt Cross.

The new President of the Army Cadet Force is Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke.

INTERNATIONAL CAMP. Two hundred Surrey Guides camping in Albury Park, Shere, during the last week-end in July had as guests eight Belgian, 16 French, and eight Dutch Guides.

A Scout Troop at Granby (Quebec, Canada) numbers among its members 22 King's Scouts. This is believed to be a record for Canadian Troops.

Many of the tomatoes now being received in this country from the Channel Islands have been picked by Scouts on Saturday afternoons. The money they earn is pooled to buy much-needed camping equipment.



Learning in the Treetops

Two pupils of King Alfred School, Hampstead, doing their homework in one of the school's two open-air studies built in the trees. These Wendy-house classrooms in the tree-tops are very popular, and, according to the headmaster, have increased the output of homework.

The British Association's Ration

THIS year's annual meeting of the British Association had to be limited to one day in London because no provincial city could promise sufficient bed and breakfasts for its members for a week.

Nevertheless, this compulsory rationing did not prevent it from beginning as usual with the presidential address, delivered by that Grand Old Man of science, Sir Richard Gregory, on "Civilisation and the Pursuit of Knowledge," which was agreeably followed by a luncheon at which delegates from the Empire and abroad were guests; and these next day were invited to tea in the home of Charles Darwin at Downe House, Kent, which the Association maintains as his memorial.

The Adventures of Pootung Pete

LONDON has been seeing a remarkable series of paintings and drawings done in a Japanese internment camp by a young medical man, Dr Kenneth McAll. When Dr McAll, of the London Missionary Society, entered the Pootung Camp near Shanghai he was one of five doctors there and found that he had time to develop his gifts for drawing and painting.



He began to learn the graceful, silky way Chinese artists have in sketching, and no one would imagine, looking at Dr McAll's draw-

PRESERVING YORK

A VOLUNTARY association called the Civic Trust has been formed to preserve the treasures and develop the beauties of York. It is formed of citizens of York itself, of Yorkshiremen, and of others who are enthusiastic to preserve the stately city.

York was once the most artistic city in the North of England, but, unhappily, in the past 46 years it has lost some of its most interesting buildings. They have too often been replaced by modern buildings which are quite out of keeping with the ancient surroundings.

The Civic Trust hopes to restore York to its former position as the social and artistic capital of the North of England. One of the ten vice-presidents of the Trust is Lord Halifax, and the Dean of York is one of the honorary secretaries.

ings, that they were not done by Chinese artists. But his most delightful invention is Pootung Pete, the scrubby, bearded little man who came to be a popular character in the camp as day by day in a strip cartoon Dr McAll displayed Pootung Pete's views on the camp happenings. There was no drawing paper in the camp so Dr McAll had to use a roll of toilet paper for Pete's adventures. Here he is smiling and growing at the everyday affairs of a Japanese camp.

"These drawings," it has been said, "did more than Dr McAll's medicines to make Pootung the happiest and healthiest Japanese internment camp."

SPEEDY DONKEY

AT a time when donkey rides are delighting young seaside holiday-makers it is interesting to learn of a thrilling race which took place recently at Redruth between a donkey and a cyclist.

The owner of a donkey named Star had challenged any cyclist in the county to a race over a mile course. Mr C. Rule of Falmouth took up the challenge, and over 6000 people watched their unusual and exciting encounter.

Mr Rule won by half a lap, but Star won all the other donkey events, including a donkey and chaise race, a bareback race, and a hurdles race.

Star, who is 16, has altogether won several hundred prizes, and is evidently no donkey at running. In fact, he is a real star.

BRAVO, MR NIVANI!

PEOPLE in out-of-the-way villages in Scotland not long ago were surprised to see a stranger in a motor-chair chugging along the road. They found, when he stopped for refreshment, that he was a long way from home, for he had come from Doncaster.

The stranger was Mr Tony Nivani, who lost the use of his legs in an accident two years ago. He is now back home in Doncaster after making a tour of Scotland, travelling 1300 miles in his 1-h.p. motor-chair.

BURIED TREASURE

A LADY who went to America in 1940 buried two coffee tins containing jewellery and money in her garden at Barcombe, Sussex, just before she left. She returned to England recently, but after six years of absence had forgotten the exact spot where her valuables lay.

The local blacksmith, who is also a water diviner, was sent for, but expressed his doubts of finding the tins as he had never before searched for metal. However, with hazel twig in hand, he walked in the garden, and before long it jumped out of his hands—the treasure was traced!

THE MUSIC OF WORDS

LONDONERS have been enjoying a feast of poetry, spoken both by individual competitors and by choirs in unison. Formerly held at Oxford, the annual competition was held this year at the Institut Français in Kensington.

Democracy Lessons

THE people of Germany have had little experience of democratic government. In order to explain to German politicians, officials, and students how Democracy works in Britain, teams from this country are to tour the British zone in Germany, holding three-day courses and discussions. Each British team will be composed of a councillor, two local government officials, a lecturer, and an interpreter.

WATERSPOUT ADVENTURE

THE crew of a Bridlington fishing boat had a narrow escape from the biggest of five waterspouts which passed close to them in the North Sea not long ago. The skipper of the boat said there must have been millions of tons of water in the air, and as the waterspouts went past there was a whirlwind, the air became cold as winter, and then huge hailstones fell!

The Hambledon Men of Yore

IN August Bank Holiday week a cricket match, to be played at Brighton between the Hambledon Men and the Regency Club, will recall those bygone days when Hambledon was ready to challenge All England. The players are to wear top hats, the bat and ball and the stumps are to be modelled on those used then, and even the runs are to be "notched" on the scorers' sticks.

However close the replica, one thing this match can never reproduce will be the atmosphere of those glorious days, or the scene when the players were matched on Broad Halfpenny Down or Windmill Down at

Hambledon. Nor perhaps will there be any report to equal Old Nyren's description of the scene.

There were still 10 runs to make when the last Hambledon man went in. "All knew the state of the game," wrote Nyren, "and many thousands were hanging upon this narrow point. There was Sir Horace Mann walking about outside the ground cutting down the daisies with his stick—a habit with him when he was agitated; the old farmers leaning forward upon their tall old staves, and the whole multitude perfectly still."

The whole multitude perfectly still—nothing more is needed!

Enough to Make a Cat Laugh

A CHATHAM cat recently adopted a novel method of getting rid of a pursuing dog. The cat was taking an evening stroll near a very deep and steep railway cutting when Chum, the dog, came along with his master.

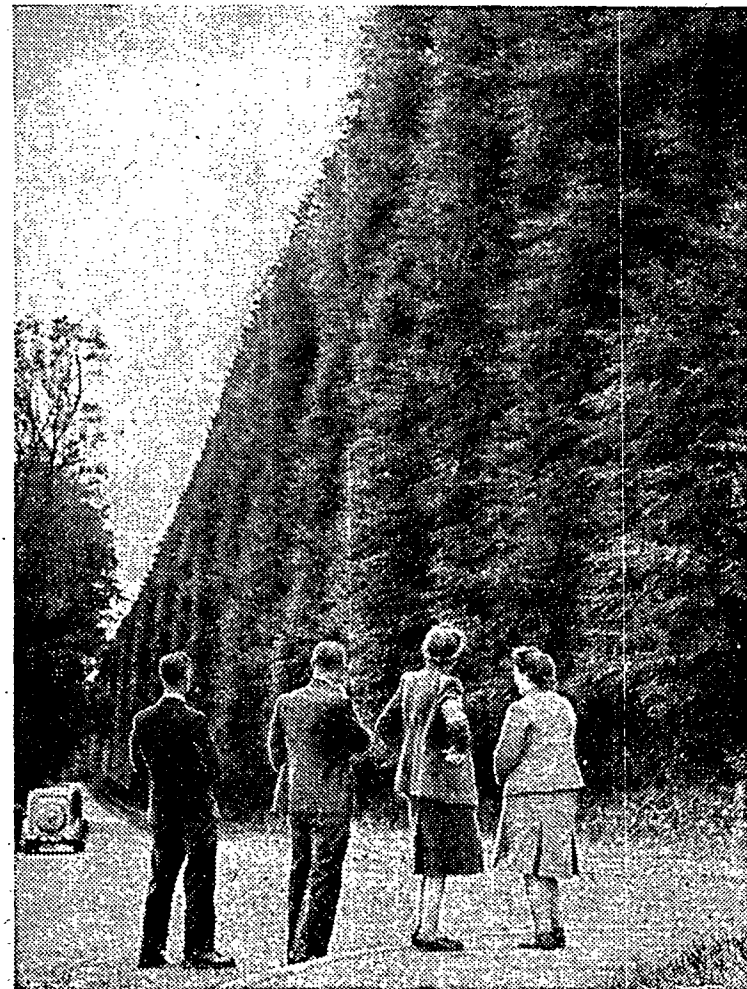
With excited yelps Chum gave chase. The cat led him to the edge of the cutting, then suddenly swerved, and before Chum could pull up he was over the edge and rolling down the steep side. He landed in a bush 40 feet above the railway and was unable to extricate himself. Eventually firemen had to climb 80 feet down the cutting to bring him up.

FOR NEW CIVIL SERVANTS

THOUGH our Civil Service is much criticised, there is general agreement that it is the finest in the world; this is mainly due to recruitment by merit, through examinations, and not by influence.

It was in 1855 that the Civil Service Commission was set up for this purpose. The position before then was by no means satisfactory. This and many other facts and words of advice are contained in A Handbook For New Civil Servants which the Treasury have issued.

The Treasury have done well to prepare such guidance for new recruits to the Civil Service.

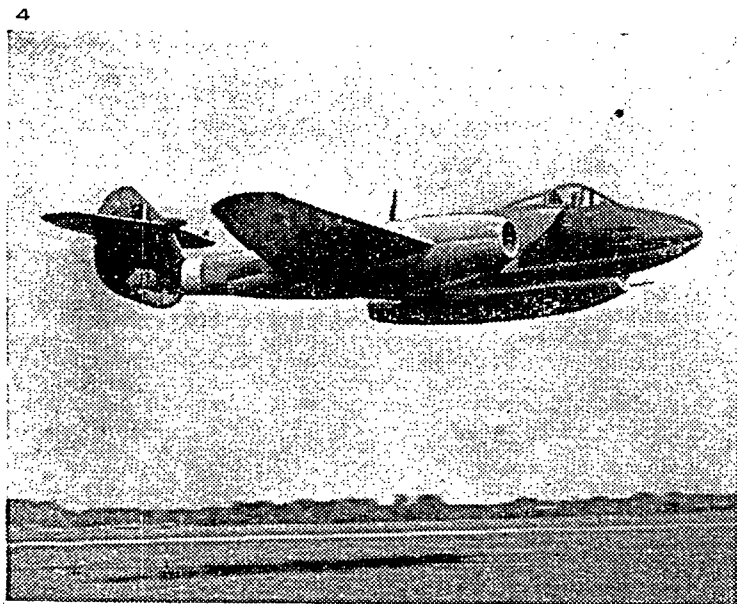


A Hedge 200 Years Old

This beech hedge at Meikleour, Perthshire, one third of a mile long and with an average height of 100 feet, is 200 years old this year. Legend says that as Bonnie Prince Charlie, on his way to Culloden Moor, passed the men who were planting it, they left their work to join him. The original number of trees is said to be that of the Highlanders who fell in the battle.

August 3, 1946

The Children



The Gloster Meteor

The Mark IV Gloster Meteor jet plane, Britain's hope for a new World's air speed record.

MODERN CANTERBURY PILGRIM

CHAUER'S Canterbury Pilgrims set out five centuries and more ago to seek a shrine. In 1850 another company of pilgrims, borne in four little ships, sailed across the world to found a sanctuary in New Zealand, which, named Canterbury by them, has added much to the riches of our Commonwealth. With that company there was a Chaucer of another sort, James Edward Fitzgerald, a laughing, rhyming idealist.

Descended from an old Irish family, but born at Bath, James graduated at Cambridge, and, inclining to the study of the antique, took service in the British Museum until his enthusiasm caught fire over things in a new world. So in 1850, being then 32, forth he fared to New Zealand, which had become definitely British only ten years earlier. He helped to create, in South Island, the province of Canterbury which, with Christchurch as its capital, and comprising 14,000 square miles, has since become one of the most famous dairying and sheep-raising areas in the world.

But when he and his fellow pilgrims arrived, New Zealand, with practically no domestic birds

or animals, was still largely inhabited by the Maoris, a magnificent race who gloried in war.

Here was a strange environment for a man of dainty wit and scholarship. He would write a song and sing it; his conversation sparkled with Irish charm, his speeches could convulse an audience with laughter, rouse them to scorn by a tale of wrong, or move them to tears.

He was, however, an earnest worker. First an inspector of police and placed in charge of immigration, he became the first governor of the new province, and later, when responsible self-government was granted to New Zealand, he entered its first parliament and became its first prime minister. Progress and reform were his motto.

Fitzgerald's most notable successes, however, were won during the last 30 years of his life, when he was building up the prosperity of Canterbury. His speeches and his writings live after him, a rich and rare memorial. It was on August 2, 1896, that he died, and New Zealanders all, who have long revered his name among their pilgrim pioneers are this week remembering him with special gratitude.

Wild Life in Holy Land

TEL AVIV has a zoo, and in it "George," the leopard, stretches himself at peace. He is the last survivor of the leopards of Palestine. There is another leopard in the smaller zoo at Jerusalem, but he is an alien from Africa. There was a time when leopards were so prevalent in Palestine that cities were named after them, and Tiglath Pileser slew them for kingly sport; but now they are almost as extinct as that Assyrian hunter.

They are not alone in this disappearance. The Syrian bear has gone, finished off by German sportsmen in the First World War; and the Second World War has left hardly more than a score of ibex in the whole of the land. The wild boar no longer roots up the vines; the wild ass has betaken itself to deserts where no men abide; and the red gazelle, once the commonest of Palestine's big

game, has disappeared before the rifles commoner than itself, because neither Arab nor Jew, nor anyone with authority—or alas, without—lacks them.

Some salvage of Palestine's shrinking wild life remains. The coney is safe among the rocks because the sportsman with a gun cannot readily reach its refuge; and though the otter has gone from the Jordan, the ancient lake of Huleh, through which the Jordan flows north of the sea of Galilee, is a paradise of ducks. The birds have fared badly because the forests have gone for firewood, and the birds, finding no branches, rest on telegraph posts and wires.

Lost game, lost trees, lost birds are among Palestine's regrets; but perhaps they are not beyond recall, for there is now a talk of sanctuaries, and—listen!—the lovely goldcrest has been seen again at Gethsemane.

ALL AN AMERICAN OUGHT TO KNOW

BEFORE the first of the two world wars, conditions such as those now prevailing in Spain might have led to wholesale emigration. Up to 1914 between 100,000 and 200,000 Spaniards used to quit Spain yearly, mainly for Argentina, Cuba, and Brazil. Now, however, apart from lack of shipping, there are strict emigration laws in Spain, and immigration regulations tend to grow sterner across the Atlantic. For the time being the golden age for Spanish emigrants has passed.

No such term could describe the era of Spain's widest powers as a colonising nation, when she added vast areas to her possessions. Her New World gains, with all their wealth, were preserves for Spanish nobles who, conducting the affairs of their colossal American properties mainly by native and Negro labour, declared Spanish workers unwanted. None could sail from Spain without a licence, and that licence was granted only on proof of "sufficient motive for departure," and never to any but a Roman Catholic, who must show that for at least two generations no member of his family had been condemned in any matter of religion. And, when all was satisfied, the licence held good for only two years.

Born in the New World of Spanish parents, children were denied real education there. As a Spanish viceroy of those days said, the children were to "learn to read and write and to say your prayers; that is all an American ought to know."

Room for a Third?



"Well, of all the things!" the hen seems to be clucking. "Now where can I go to lay my egg?"

Photographing Mountains

TO capture in a photo the subtle beauty of the scene from a British hilltop is far from easy, as most amateur photographers soon learn. An expert in this art is Mr. W. A. Poucher, an exhibition of whose work has been on view at the Ilford Gallery, High Holborn, London.

His pictures make the onlooker feel that he is on the mountain top, too. His studies of the Skye peaks bring out all their majesty and his Sunrise on Snowdon is a masterpiece of light and shade.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

WINNING THE PEACE

THE nations are assembled in Paris to plan the peace of the world—to make another effort to

*Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.*

Twelve months after the ending of the struggle the United Nations meet to create the conditions in the world which will make a continuing peace possible.

Already much has been done to prepare mankind for an ordered family life. Already Uno has begun to shape its own life, gathering in the various strands of national life, teaching violently-opposed men how to sit round the table and discuss their differences. Not only the statesmen but the scientists, the historians, and the men of letters have been meeting to plan their share in reviving the cultural life of men.

Now comes the difficult task of framing peace treaties which will govern the relationships between countries formerly at war. Step by step through the jungle of opposing interests new, dependable instruments of peace and order must be devised. The men who sit in Paris during these summer days will not try to settle everything at one conference, making no hasty decisions, but forming agreements which will give the world new hope and confidence.

IN Europe the outstanding question is the future of Germany. After years of aggression Germany lies divided and controlled by four great Powers. Can they control and at the same time stimulate the growth of a new Germany? Can they show Germany how wrong she has been and at the same time give her fresh hope? New ways and new enthusiasms must be discovered in which the genius and ability of 80 million Germans can be used for the benefit of all men.

AT the Paris Conference there must be large vision and large understanding. Gone are the days when we could think of treaties merely as arrangements between the heads of governments. We know now that treaties affect the lives of all men. What is decided in Paris this summer will have its effect in Europe's lowliest homes as well as in the great offices of government.

THE peace that is being made now is a people's peace, and the people's part in it must be to maintain our hopes and confidence in the face of setbacks and disappointments, to refuse to harbour cynical doubts and suspicions, and resolutely to believe the best of other nations.

HERE SPEAKS

We take these noble passages from Sir Richard Gregory's recent address to the British Association.

THERE is now, as always, freedom of choice between good and evil fruits of knowledge; and the ways in which these are cultivated and controlled will be the reply to the menace which faces civilised peoples today. All who have goodness in their hearts and good will towards their fellows should unite in meeting this challenge to movement onwards and upwards. Faith in this spirit, in whatever way it is promoted, can unite both thought and feeling in a religion of humanity, with a message to deliver and a mission to perform.

Whatever convictions are held about the meaning and purpose of man's existence, he finds him-

FIVE-SHILLING DAY

FAMILY Allowances start on August 6. Thus begins a scheme for which many social reformers have laboured for years and to which millions have looked forward.

Nearly all mothers of young children will benefit; so will babies, like the one who has come to brighten this column after officially adorning the Government Family Allowances Claims envelope; and so will

tens of thousands of other youngsters not half so angelic-looking but equally as deserving. Good luck and good money's worth to them all!

Sweet Silence

How sweetly smells the honey-suckle
In the hushed night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!
Tennyson

Under the E

THERE are dozens of points to watch in a prize-winning rose. Unless it is a thornless one.

AN old clock is said to have changed hands several times. Hope the hands all go round the same way.

A FASHION-WRITER anticipates the return of the long-handled umbrella. Wonder who borrowed it?



MOST lady visitors to Paris return with two new hats. Paris fashions go to their heads.

MOST people like an apple tart. We like ours sweet!

A WISE MAN

sell on a globe from which he has to obtain the needs of life, and also with a mind which can appreciate such abstract qualities as beauty and love, goodness, justice and mercy, whether seen on the earth or projected on the heavens. Modern humanism understands very clearly that the earth is but a temporary home, not only for the short span of individual life but also for the whole human race.

As tenants or trustees our duty is to make the best use of the resources of our heritage by the exercise of all our talents, and with the belief and hope that by so doing we are contributing to make men godlike if not godly in the sense of religious faith. So may the earth become part of the heavens of the universe, in spirit, as it is in truth.

Overcrowded Museums

THE danger of overcrowding museums with exhibits was referred to when the Museum Association met at Brighton.

Museums must show less, and teach more, said Dr D. A. Allan, Director of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. Each museum, he added, should adopt a plan, even if it meant putting valuable material in store.

Mr James Laver said that unwillingness to destroy some exhibits would mean that the whole world would be in danger of becoming one vast museum.

It is, of course, a matter for careful discrimination. Museums should keep and display only what is rarest and best, or has at educational value.

A Dangerous Practice

HOLIDAYMAKERS have been seen throwing coins from vehicles, to be scrambled for by children at the wayside.

Surely road risks are already bad enough without being thoughtlessly increased by such misplaced generosity.

Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW



If small talk is
baby language?

A FAMOUS comedian says he is always breaking things. And cracking jokes.

AN MP says he always carries his walking stick. Ought to let it walk.

AN employer says he can spot a good worker. And engages him on the spot.

IN Hertfordshire a watch is being kept for a boy who robs orchards. He doesn't deserve it.

THINGS SAID

IF it is true, as I believe, that we need to retrace our steps toward a more Puritan standard of morals, it is not true that we must keep youth for ever in leading strings.

R. J. Soper, Vice-President
Methodist Conference

MISSIONARY work will always be one of the fundamental ways of promoting world peace.

Chinese Bishop Shen of Shensi

THE time for playing politics has passed. The time has arrived to carry out our pledges to deliver the goods.

Sam Watson, Secretary
Durham Miners' Association

IN our resistance to German aggression and tyranny our two countries have struggled along together, and at awful and hideous cost we have accomplished our duty. Never let us part.

Mr Churchill to a
French audience

THE Press and Liberty in this nation are synonymous terms.

Lord Mayor of Liverpool

As war breeds war, so peace can be made to breed peace.

James Byrnes,
U S Secretary of State

One Chorus Let All Being Raise

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood!

Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,

And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill:
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,

Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

Alexander Pope

His 1000th Speech

FOR longer than most people now care to remember the great cry of Save has been constantly heard, and must continue to be heard. But the man who has cried loudest and longest has not saved his own efforts.

Sir Harold Mackintosh, chairman of the National Savings Movement, has made his 1000th speech of the campaign. His voice has been heard by millions, driving home the need for saving until such time as the money can be spent in happier, more profitable circumstances.

It is estimated that the 3500 million Savings Certificates sold to the 20 million British savers would reach halfway round the world if placed end to end.

We hope the other half will be completed long before Sir Harold makes his 2000th speech.

Baffling the Barnacle

A NEW way has been found of curing the barnacle of its annoying habit of clinging to the hulls of ships. It is one of the achievements of the growth of plastics.

Hitherto, when the barnacles have become a crop, the way of removing them from a big warship has been to send the ship into dry dock where the nuisance can be scraped off. This long and tedious job has now been made unnecessary by spraying a hot plastic paint, at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit, on the ship's hull. This leaves there a skin on which no barnacle can grow. The spray is pumped on through a synthetic rubber hose, and 140 men can apply the paint to the entire hull of a battleship in 16 hours.

At the Jamboree



Carrying fresh water to the great Scouts' Camp near Vestervik, Sweden, where 8000 Scouts from 11 nations assembled for the first international Jamboree since the war.

NEW LIFE FOR THE OLD KIRK

IN one of Glasgow's most squalid quarters, the Barony, an old church is being renewed to serve Youth. Nearly 90 years ago, under the ministry of the famous Scottish preacher, Dr Norman MacLeod, the Barony Church was crowded. His vigorous personality appealed to the working men and women. He invited them to come in their ordinary day clothes, and his church was nicknamed the "Moleskin" Kirk.

For many years, however, the old church was little used. Then, two years ago, the Iona Youth Trust, under the leadership of Dr George MacLeod, a grandson of Norman MacLeod, were given the buildings to turn into a Community Centre.

Canteen, craft-rooms, shower baths, gymnasium, were constructed out of the adjoining church hall, and on the upper floor a beautiful chapel has been built. At one end stands a communion table and on the raised floor, at the other end, is the community billiard table. The old side galleries have been transformed into two lounges. The old church turned into a new one has over 200 young members, who are finding in the renewed life of the old kirkhouse what their grandfathers found there, and they still sing Norman MacLeod's lusty hymn, "Courage, brother, do not stumble."

THE GOLDEN GRASS

THIS summer the countryman, as he gathers in the sheaves of golden grain, is in the minds of us all. For on his labours largely depends our future health and vigour.

Quite early in his history Man sought types of food which would produce abundant crops annually from seed, and—a very important factor—be capable of storage from one harvest-time to the next.

One that he found was Wild Wheat, and even under his primitive cultivation it soon became his staple food, because of all the cereals it gave the most nourishment.

Wheat and other grasses which yield grain for man and beast are grouped together by botanists as Cereals, being named after Ceres, the Roman Goddess of Tillage and Corn.

Wheat will grow from the tropics to the Arctic Sea, but never attains such perfection as in more moderate climes.

The finest wheatland is a deep loamy soil, and severe winters, moderate rainfall, and mild summers, are the ideal conditions for the growth of perfect crops.

Our native wheat is noted for cleanness, nutty flavour of flour, sweetness, and size. Canada grows a medium berry, strong, plump and hard, and of a fine colour. Some varieties of Canadian wheat rank among the best and strongest in the world. Australia furnishes a beautiful

mellow grain, of good shape and size and a creamy colour. India's crop is brittle, hard, and dry, and has a beany flavour. North-east Russian and Siberian wheat, like some of their people, is thin, strong, hard, and dark. South America's wheat, chiefly from Argentina, is thin and uncertain in quality.

For our pre-war bread the bakers demanded from the miller a fine white flour to make the very white bread desired by most of us. For this only about 70 per cent of the berry, the central cells which provide the finest white flour, could be used.

The war product was a sequel to the 80 per cent standard flour milled in the First World War. This is obtained by mixing 10 per cent of the outer bran coat of the berry (fine sharps) with the white flour, resulting in the "dirty white" tint we all know.

Brown meal, which makes the still popular sweet-tasting brown bread, contains all but the outer coarse skin of the berry, and "whole meal," as its name implies, is the whole berry reduced to a meal.

There is a loss of protein and digestibility in the snow-white bread, so the wartime bread is really a more nourishing food.

Isaac Newton and the Astronomer

THE proposal to establish an observatory with a new giant telescope, with a 100-inch reflector, as a national memorial to Sir Isaac Newton, brings to mind the founding of the first English observatory, and Newton's disputes with the first Astronomer-Royal.

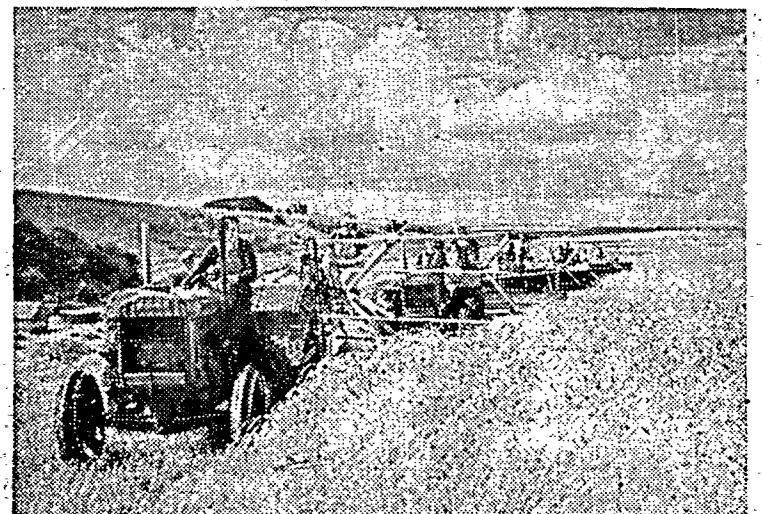
It was as long ago as the 10th of August, 1675, that the first stone was laid of an observatory on a site at Greenwich, and the celebrated John Flamsteed who, though under 30, had greatly distinguished himself by his scientific achievements, was appointed astronomer—a position he held for 43 years.

It was at Cambridge in 1672 that Flamsteed first met Sir Isaac Newton, occasioned as he says by "my fixing there the microscope which he could not, the object glass being forgot by him." It was after this and during Flamsteed's period of

office at Greenwich that he had the prolonged quarrel with Newton who, as the astronomer quaintly puts it in his memoirs, "disputed against the comets of November and December being the same, in two long letters in February and March 1681. Now, in 1685, he owned they might be so, as I had asserted, and slightly mentioned me as disputing for their being the same as in ye 4th book of his principals; whereas I affirmed it and himself disputed against it."

Flamsteed has another hit at Sir Isaac Newton in his "observations" when, under date 1687, we read: "his principals published: little notice taken of her Majesty's observatory."

Well, it was all long ago, and not the first time, nor the last, that we find wise men disagreeing. Posterity has assessed their true worth, and honours them both.



THIS ENGLAND

Gathering in the corn
on the Sussex Downs

THE SILENT BIRDS

A QUIETNESS has descended upon the fields and woodlands. It is the silence of late summer. Trees stand motionless in the hot August sunshine, while cattle sleepily swish their tails at the water's edge—and the birds are silent.

The birds which from early spring have made the whole countryside gay with song, now seem to have tired of singing. Many have ceased their song altogether and into the notes of others has crept a hint of sadness.

Nesting time is over for most birds. With their families safely reared they are taking a rest from the exhausting work of providing for a nest full of hungry youngsters.

No longer need the cock blackbird attract his hen with a liquid cascade of notes. The male chaffinch, which until recently perched near his sitting mate and hurled musical defiance at intruders, has flown off with his family. Courtship is finished, and with it a contributory cause of the birds' songs.

At this time, too, many species are losing their feathers in a moult. Their plumage, so glossy and attractive during spring days, has become thin and bedraggled through incessant work for the nestlings. Gradually these worn feathers will be replaced with new, but while the change is taking place the birds prefer to remain quiet.

The change over from the full chorus of bird song to the present isolated solos which may still be heard, has not been abrupt. The volume of song has diminished almost imperceptibly from day to day. First one bird and then another has started its period of rest, until eventually the growing silence has been forced upon our consciousness.

Some birds, such as the white-throat, blackcap, and garden

warbler will not be heard again until they arrive in England next spring.

Meantime, we are not altogether without bird voices, for the wren, the lark, and the yellowhammer will be trilling their songs until well into August, although they sing with less vigour as the summer wears on. The greenfinches, goldfinches, and members of the tit family will also be adding their small, monotonous contributions for some weeks to come, while in the woods may be heard the soft cooing of doves and the harsh "laugh" of woodpeckers.

Thousands of newly-fledged birds are beginning to discover that they, too, have a voice. But cheerful though these gay twitterings may be, they cannot be classed as song, and we shall have to wait until next spring before we hear again the full glory of the birds in song.

For Aircraft Students

STUDENTS are now being enrolled for the College of Aeronautics which the Ministry of Education has established in the buildings of the R.A.F. at Cranfield, Bedfordshire.

This college, which is to be opened on October 15, is the first of its kind in this country and will, it is hoped, become a centre for advanced aeronautical study for the whole Empire.

Here will be trained our future leaders for our aircraft industries, our research centres, and our Services, and there is today a real shortage of such specialists.

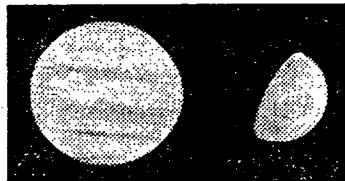
A Race Between Jupiter and Venus

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE evening sky is now of particular interest in view of the apparent approach of Jupiter toward Venus.

Though appearing to approach, these two worlds are actually receding from each other, for Venus is, as it were, outpacing Jupiter. For, whereas Venus is at present 89 million miles from us and Jupiter 544 million miles, in a month's time Venus will be but 76 million miles away while Jupiter will have receded to 560 million miles.

Although Venus appears at present nearly three times brighter than Jupiter, when seen through a telescope Venus is found to be much the smaller of the two. The picture shows the present relative sizes and appearance of the planets. The gibbous shape of Venus is, as in the case of the Moon's phase, due to only part of her sphere being lit up as seen from the Earth. This appearance of Venus will rapidly change as she comes nearer to our world, so that by the end of September she will appear as a crescent and twice her present apparent diameter, finally vanishing at the end of October, when Jupiter, too, will have gone from the evening sky. Meanwhile, these two planets will, as we see them, con-



tinue to approach closer and closer until by September 4 they will appear at their nearest, Venus at a lower altitude than Jupiter and apparently only a short distance away.

Afterwards Jupiter will appear to precede Venus on his way to the west and far beyond Venus and the Sun, only to be followed by her later on. Eventually both Jupiter and Venus will reappear in the eastern morning sky, and the "race" will be in progress, with Jupiter apparently gaining on Venus throughout December, when they will appear in close proximity. Thus they pursue their ceaseless race, sung of in that beautiful old hymn Trisagion (Ancient & Modern 423) which states "Then, when the planets first sped on their race."

It was over a thousand years ago, A.D. 883, when these words were written in Greek by St. Joseph the Hymnographer of those days, and long before Copernicus. Ever since, mankind has sung thus of this race, but when and how it began is one of the most fascinating problems of astronomy. It was upwards of 3000 million years ago so far as the Earth, with a cooled and partly solid surface, is concerned. Jupiter must be thousands of millions of years older than the Earth, and Venus somewhat younger, for these two appear to have aged quicker owing to their relatively greater radiation surfaces. For how many tens of thousands of millions of years Jupiter and Venus continued their race as globes of fire we can form no idea, but race they did and more speedily.

G. F. M.



The Boy King and His Bike

Eleven-year-old King Feisal of Iraq is a keen cyclist and does his own running repairs. Here he is adjusting a pedal in the grounds of Grove Lodge, near Windsor, where he is staying during his visit to England.

BACK TO BALLOONS?

AN effort is being made to revive free ballooning. Lord Verney, who was second in command of dirigible airships, and Wing Commander J. S. Wheelwright have to obtain permission from the Air Ministry, which is shy of letting loose free balloons in a sky already crowded with aeroplanes; but we may yet see them sailing before the wind as in those days of the Gordon Bennett Cup when as many as 18 balloons set out from England together to see which could get farthest on the Continent before their gas gave out. Some went 700 miles on the wings of a westerly wind.

The idea is still popular in France, which was the home of the first balloons.

In a corner of the Science Museum is a modest little show which, now that all the German warplanes with their overpowering machinery have happily passed out of sight, has a new fascination for the crowds of children visiting the museum every day of the week. It tells the story of the first balloons. It tells it in pictures, in relics, but best in models.

There are models of the big bags, inflated with hot air from burning leaves below, which the brothers Montgolfier sent up from Annonay in the miraculous year of 1783, the birth year of

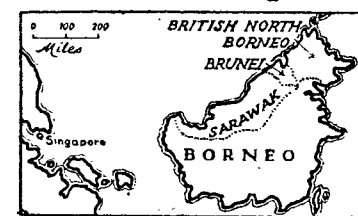
the first balloon. M. Charles came first after the Montgolfiers, and balloon followed balloon from June till December. In August the Ross brothers sent up a balloon, filled not with hot air but with hydrogen, which travelled 15 miles before coming to earth to be torn to pieces by an alarmed peasantry. The Montgolfiers responded by sending up a hydrogen balloon of a very showy appearance which carried a sheep, a cock, and a duck, all descending safely except the duck, which the sheep fell upon.

After that the brothers Ross, not to be beaten, themselves went up in a hydrogen balloon; the next year Jean Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies actually crossed the Channel from Dover in their own balloon. It was an event which caused as much excitement as when 125 years later Blériot made the Channel crossing in his aeroplane. What a world there was between, as between then and now! But all the earlier marvels and others are recalled in this secluded page from the annals of flight; and among them is a most astonishing creation in the form of a giant eagle which was to rise by the mechanised flapping of its wings. It never did, but in its rusty failure it had something of the helicopter of today.

North Borneo Joins the Empire

NORTH BORNEO, the last British dependency to be ruled by a commercial company, has now been formally incorporated in the British Empire. Since 1882 this triangle of territory in the north of the great island of Borneo—most of which belongs to Holland—has been administered by the British North Borneo Company.

British North Borneo is a wild, mountainous country about the size of Ireland, and has a population of some 304,000, of whom about 48,000 are Chinese, who have been encouraged by the authorities to go to live there because their hard work and enterprise in trade has helped much to the development of the state. Many native tribes are



primitive and some are pagans. Much remains to be done, however, in developing the natural wealth of British North Borneo. In its remote mountains and dense forests are deposits of gold, petroleum, copper, iron, manganese, tin, and coal waiting to be won. So far, except for coal, these resources have been little worked.

BEDTIME CORNER

TATTERS

I HAVE a very special friend, and Tatters is his name, He's always ready for a romp in any sort of game. His coat is long and shaggy, and his eyes are brown and kind. No matter where I go, I know that he's not far behind. Dad says he isn't valuable, he has no pedigree; But I don't care, he'll always be the finest dog to me. I know him for a faithful friend, and that is all that matters. For untold gold I would not part with dear old shaggy Tatters.

An Oldtime Prayer

JESU! Prince and dear unseen Companion, Perfect love, so near to me, Grant me courage to endure. Keep me loyal, keep me pure, Thy Knight Templar age to be.

The Wise Man and the Emperor

"Show me your God," said a heathen Emperor one day to a Wise Man.

But the Wise Man declared that it was impossible to see God, although His Presence was felt everywhere.

"But you must show me your God," insisted the Emperor.

"Let me first show you one of His ambassadors," replied the Wise Man.

Then, taking the Emperor into the palace grounds, he bade him look at the sun.

"I cannot look," said the Emperor, "the light dazzles my eyes."

"How, then, can you expect to look upon God," asked the Wise Man, "if you cannot now look upon one of His creatures?"

AUGUST HOLIDAY BY THE SEA



The Festival of Wales

HER GLORIOUS EISTEDDFOD

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is to attend this year's Eisteddfod, the Welsh national festival of competitions in poetry, music, oratory, drama—all in Welsh—to be held during August Bank Holiday week at Mountain Ash in Glamorganshire.

The Princess will be initiated into the mystic Gorsedd of Bards and will choose a Welsh name for the occasion. Already a crowned Welsh bard has suggested "Aeres Gwalia," Heiress of Wales. The Gorsedd consists not only of Bards (poets) but of men representing Druids, the priests of the ancient Celtic religion. In the picturesque rites of initiating the Princess, as in other ceremonies they perform in connection with the Eisteddfod, the Gorsedd wear long robes, the Archdruids wear white robes, the Druid priests or Ovates green, and the Bards sky-blue robes.

There is probably no other country which has such a great national cultural festival as the Eisteddfod, and during normal times Welshmen come from all over the world just for the delight of hearing their expressive mother tongue in song and poetry.

The winning poets at the Eisteddfod are crowned or "chaired," that is, given a chair as a prize; the charring ceremony is said to date from 1176. Among the other prizes this year is a trophy presented by the Welsh Guards, in memory of fallen comrades, for the winning male voice choir.

The origin of the Eisteddfod is said to go back before the Christian era, for bards have always been held in high esteem in Wales. But Welsh scholars have discovered that the Eisteddfod of the Middle Ages was but a meeting of senior bards to lay down regulations about metre in poetry, and similar literary matters, and also to choose new professional bards from among candidates presenting themselves. For in those times a bard or minstrel had many privileges in Wales; he could, for example, claim the right of billeting himself in the house of a nobleman.

This kind of Eisteddfod fell into disuse in the 17th century, and the present form of a national music and poetry contest dates from 1789, when some learned Welshmen established the custom. The Gorsedd was begun in the same way, for it is doubtful whether there was any connection between the medieval bards of Wales and the Druids of long before their time.

Nevertheless, the Eisteddfod is a magnificent institution for fostering the culture and patriotism of the Welsh people and it has deservedly earned them the admiration of the whole world.

FOUR-LEGGED FILM STAR

LASSIE, the famous red collie dog, has made her third appearance in films. In this new film, *Courage of Lassie*, she plays the part of a stray dog.

Taken in as a stray by Elizabeth Taylor, Lassie is conscripted for national service against the Japanese. She is trained and sent to the front where, overcome by battle fatigue and missing her little friend, she turns into a moody killer and is sentenced to be shot. Sentence is repealed at the last moment when it is pointed out to the judge that this is no dog, but a soldier, and Lassie returns home to find her young mistress in tears. Lassie puts her muzzle across the child's neck, slightly puzzled and embarrassed by her tears, and then Elizabeth rejoices.

If these Lassie films are perhaps a little too melodramatic and sentimental, they nevertheless contain much beauty, and underline that undying love and respect of a pet for a good master or mistress.

Their Torches Still Aglow

How prominent scientists and other men and women of learning were rescued from the Nazis during the war is revealed in the first report since 1938 of that splendid organisation, the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning, whose president is Lord Beveridge.

During the war the society rescued 2541 distinguished scientists and scholars who were hunted by the Nazis because they were either Jews or opponents of Hitler. Many of them became American citizens, but 601 are still in our country.

These refugee scientists did

POSTMAN'S RING

Few people today have heard of the Post Office bellmen, the men who used to ring a bell in the streets to announce that they were collecting letters for despatch. No one knows when the practice began, but although in some provincial towns it continued until 1866, postmen in London rang their last bells just 100 years ago.

As late as 1805 letters were collected before four o'clock in the afternoon from houses or boxes in central London: after that hour bellmen collected letters and claimed a late fee of one penny for each letter.

Pillar boxes and more frequent collections of letters from these boxes made bellmen unnecessary in towns; but even today in remote country districts where post boxes are few and far between postmen sometimes blow a whistle to announce that letters can be handed to them, but generally country people look out for the red mail van if they cannot get to a post box.

The Humble Farthing

THAT jolly little coin, with its jolly Jenny Wren, is to stay with us. Mr Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, does not agree with the abolition of the farthing as suggested by an M.P. Mr Dalton said that farthings are still used in the prices of several commodities, notably milk and bread, and their abolition would probably mean a farthing's increase in many prices.

The farthing (fourth of a penny) became a regular part of British coinage as far back as the reign of Edward I, and up to the time of Queen Mary was a silver coin. In Queen Elizabeth's time a three-farthing piece was struck on which she was described as "Rose sine spina" (Rose without a thorn). Copper farthings were first introduced as tokens in the reign of James I. In Charles II's reign the farthing was issued in the national copper currency.

It is difficult to imagine what could be bought with a half-farthing, but half-farthings were issued in 1842. They were withdrawn in 1869, by which time a bronze farthing had come into circulation. In 1897 farthings were darkened so that they should not be mistaken for half-sovereigns. Sovereigns and half-sovereigns, the aristocrats of our coinage, have disappeared, but the humble farthing lives on.



Fifty Years of Motoring



Forerunners of Our Cars—1. The first petrol motor-car ever built, which ran in Vienna in 1875. The engine had been built 15 years earlier. 2. A German gas-driven car of 1888, which ran very successfully in the streets of Mannheim. 3. The first British built oil-driven car, 1896 model.

This is the Jubilee Year of the motor-car in Britain, for it was in 1896 that the Act of Parliament oddly called "The Locomotives on the Highways Act" was passed, abolishing the absurd restriction on the new industry of making a man walk 20 yards in front of any mechanically-propelled road vehicle. The new Act also allowed motor-cars to travel at 12 mph!

It was in 1896, therefore, that motor-cars began to be manufactured in Britain, and the industry began which has in 50 years grown to be the third largest in the country. The British Motor Industry is celebrating its Jubilee by exhibitions and cavalcades of cars in London and provincial cities.

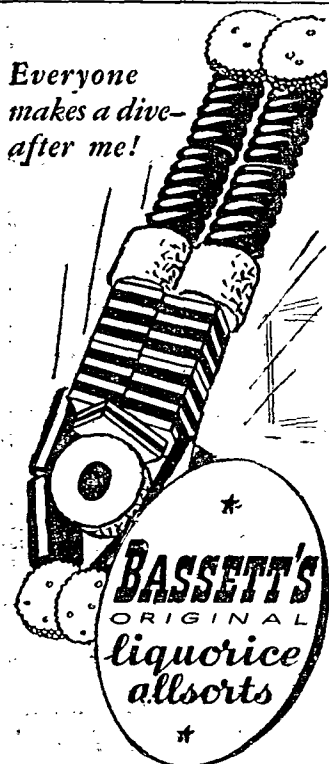
Last Saturday a great concourse of motor-cars of all makes from the primitive antiques of 1896 down to present-day models assembled in Regent's Park and, after a Royal Review, went in a procession through the West End of London, returning to Regent's Park, where they were viewed.

A Jubilee Exhibition, organised

by the Motor Industry, is now on view at 148 Piccadilly, London. It is called a Pageant of 50 Years of Progress, and against a background illustrating the changes that have come about in the nation's life and customs in that period it shows by many models and clearly set-out statistics, and pictures, the development of our great motor-car manufacturing industry. A film called *The Nation's Vital Life Line*, emphasising the importance of this industry is also shown.

It is gratifying to know that this exhibition is also to be shown in Cardiff, Birmingham, Coventry, and Manchester.

But what of the future? A National Model Competition for the best design for a car of the future has been specially organised to appeal to Britain's youth. Those of us who have ideas about the cars of tomorrow should send in our designs before October 19 to the nearest office of the Motor Agents' Association. British Youth has an illustrious part to play in the future development of Britain's Third Industry.



HEALTH IS NATIONAL INSURANCE

and we are doing our utmost to build up our boys and girls for the place they must take later as responsible citizens. Hundreds will be given holidays this summer away from grimy, devastated Stepney. Will you help—please? Address:

The Rev. RONALD F. W. BOLLOM, Supt., THE EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885), Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

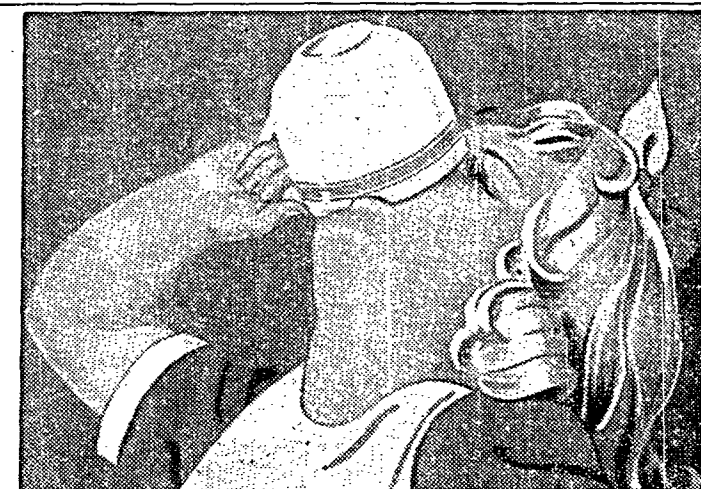
EX-ARMY BELL TENTS £8 15s.

Complete. Centre pole and accessories. Reconditioned. Sleeps 8. Dimensions 9ft. 6ins. Circumference 44ft.

Also RIDGE TENTS. 8ft. x 7ft. Height 6ft. Walls 2ft. £10 15s.; 6ft. x 4ft. Height 5ft. 6ins. Walls 2ft. £8 15s.

EX-RAILWAY TARPULINS. 280 sq. ft. £4. 140 sq. ft. £2. Smaller sizes.

HEADQUARTERS & GENERAL SUPPLIES LTD., Dept. CH/B/4, Excel House, Whitcomb St., London, W.C.2.



PREPARED FROM PRIME RICH BEEF

Jacko's Jamboree



It was a very warm day and the Jacko family decided to have tea in the garden. "I've got a nice surprise for you," said Jacko, placing a jam-pot on the table. "A new sort of jam I bought in the village today!" But when he took off the lid a horde of wasps arrived with gleeful buzzings. And the Jacko family hastily departed—all except Jacko, who dived under the table.

OUT OF REACH

CHEER up, old chap! Every cloud has a silver lining.
Yes, but I don't own a plane.

Sew Easy

WIND an unwanted piece of flannel (or an old woollen sock does very well) tightly around the sewing machine between the pins which hold the reels of cotton, and stitch it firmly in place.

Stick into it some pins and needles, and mother will find it a time-saver when machining.



Your child must have long hours of unbroken, restful sleep if she is to grow and gain as Nature intended. When stomach upsets rob her of this needful sound rest, a small dose of *'Milk of Magnesia' will soon put the little one at ease. 'Milk of Magnesia' also acts as a gentle laxative. Mothers everywhere depend upon it because it is so mild and harmless. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

The BRAN TUB

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Country Quarters for the Rats. By the brook Don saw a large Rat. He knew it was a Rat by its sharp features, which gave it a fierce alert look, very different from the blunt-nosed sleepy-looking voles. Seeing Don, the Rat darted into a nearby hole.

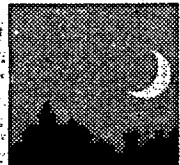
"I thought it was only voles that lived by the water," said Don to Farmer Gray. "Oh, no," replied the farmer. "In the summer hordes of Rats desert warehouses and farmsteads, to make their homes by hedgerow, ditch, and stream. Many authorities state that despite the filth in which Rats often live, they keep themselves scrupulously clean."

Easily Seen Through

TEACHER: What is a transparent body?
Pupil: A keyhole.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9.30 BST, on the evening of Friday, August 2.



PUZZLE LIMERICK

"THIS is a limerick," said a driver called Baine, "Can be left all alone in the lane, While my car comes with me To have a for high tea, Then we'll drive back together to Haine."
The missing words are all different yet spelt with the same letters. What are they?

(Answer next week)

Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, July 31, to Tuesday, August 6.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Showing-up of Larry the Lamb. 5.35 Competition Result. Midland, 5.35 Jam Tomorrow—a talk on plum picking. Scottish, 5.35 Another story about Grandpa Ginko; Lydia George (songs); Welsh, 5.0 George's Bad Deed; Young Artists.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Music and a story: the John MacArthur Quintet. 5.30 The Honey Pudding of Countess Bertha. Northern Ireland, 5.0 Nature Quiz. West, 5.0 Going Camping; Joyce Edwards (songs); Benjamin Does the Trick Again; Leonard Silver (violin).

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Enchanted Castle (Part 4). 5.40 Belinda and the Bedouins.

SATURDAY, 5.0 Stuff and Nonsense: Pencil and Paper.

SUNDAY, 5.0 The Pilgrim's Progress (Part 4). I have Just Been to Prague—a talk by Marie Burg.

MONDAY, 5.0 Punch, Puss, and Piper (Part 2). 5.25 Cowleaze Farm—the Flower Show. Scottish, 5.0 Betty Thomson (songs); Highland Diary.

TUESDAY, 5.0 An Invitation—to the Ballet. 5.25 Nature Parliament—Your Questions answered. Scottish, 5.0 Young Artists; Petrushka and the Dancing Doll.

THE JUGGLER



At Work, and—



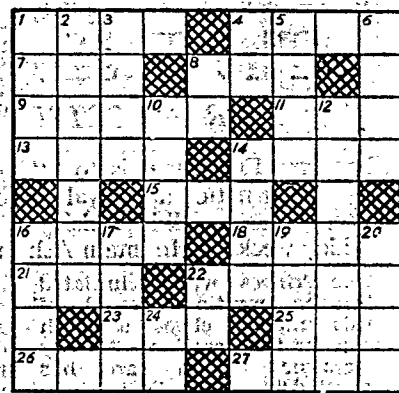
—At Home

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A grassy hill. 4 Cricket implements. 7 Order of the British Empire. 8 Said to be mightier than the sword. 9 South America's "camel." 11 The original mother. 13 A "showy" flower. 14 The fishes do this. 15 To drag through water by means of a rope. 16 A shrub with branches. 18 Eastern continent. 21 A grassy plain. 22 Food plant of the lily family. 23 Corpulent. 25 A high explosive. 26 A farthing bears its portrait. 27 A disorderly mixture.

Reading Down. 1 A puppet. 2 Aslant. 3 Happiness. 4 To exist. 5 Over again. 6 To stop. 8 Pennsylvania. 10 A kind of legend. 12 Creations of fancy. 14 A majestic swimming bird. 16 To make a current of air. 17 Free from danger. 19 Local position. 20 Industrious insects. 22 Old Testament. 24 Indefinite article.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week



Maxim to Memorise

A MEWING cat is no mouser.

TONGUE TWISTER

TEN thatchers tidily thatching ten tiny thatched tidy cottages with ten tidy tufts of trim thin thatching.

COUNTER PLOT

How is the plot of your sea novel running?

"Well, I've just got to the point where the crew are afraid the boat will go to the top."
"You mean to the bottom."
"No—it's a submarine."

THE THREE MUSTARDEERS VISIT THE NORTHLAND



GOODNESS, it was hot! The Three Mustardeers were simply baking. Mary had strung the amulet of Kassim round her neck for safe-keeping. She fingered it fretfully. "Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I wish we were somewhere up near the North Pole." The next instant she found herself head first in a snowdrift. "Now you've done it!" groaned Jim— "snow, snow wherever you look!"

But something was moving in the distance—moving towards them. What could it be? Sometimes upright, like a man; sometimes clumsily walking on all fours. "Must be a Polar Bear. Play dead," whispered Jim. "Bears are fussy eaters—won't touch anything they haven't killed themselves." So they threw themselves flat in the snow scarcely breathing as the great brute drew near. It pawed at poor Jim hungrily—thank Heaven for his tough furry jacket. Now it came nosing round Mary. She shrank from its rank fishy smell. What if she should sneeze? But the danger passed. With a contemptuous snuffle, the big beast lumbered off. "No rationing up here or he'd not be so choosy," said Jim, through chattering teeth.

Soon they heard a strange noise. "Dogs barking," suggested Jim. "Wolves howling," shivered Mary. "Probably huskies—they're a mixture of both," said Roger.

Topping a snow hummock, the Mustardeers came on a team of huskies. They were snarling round a sort of over-turned tent. A weak

voice came from under it. "Get me out, quick. But mind the dogs—they'll have you down if you slip." So Roger and Jim advanced manfully. The tent-like affair proved to be made of skins built up on a toboggan. They got that right, but couldn't move the huge box which pinned down the injured man. "Ammunition—that's why it's so heavy," he explained. And he told them he was a half-breed trapper taking in the winter supplies to a northern trading post. "If my gun hadn't been within reach, the dogs would have torn me to bits by now." Then he fainted. "He'll freeze to death—so will we if we don't get moving," said Roger. But push as they might, the crate wouldn't budge. "I've got it!" exclaimed Jim. "The huskies! They shall drag it off. Give me your belts, everybody." Buckled together, these met round the big box, and the dogs' harness was quickly attached. "Mush!" cried Roger, cracking the whip—"Mush, you brutes." With a great creaking and straining, the dogs pulled, the crate moved, and Mary and Jim soon had the trapper out from under.

The post was only an hour's journey away. "Be all right now," said the revived half-breed as they drew near it. The factor's a good medicine man—he'll fix me up. I'd have been a dog's dinner by this time, though, if you three hadn't come along." Mary's hand shook as she pulled the furs close round her neck. "Wish we were lying in the sun again," she murmured as she touched something hard. The words were barely out of her mouth when they found themselves back in familiar surroundings, hot as before, but so glad of it!

SAID JIM: "I'm enjoying this, as the boy said when he found Mustard in his cheese sandwich."

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have Mustard whenever we can get it. Mustard makes good food taste better. We will have Mustard—



Colman's Mustard